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VERSES ON A RECENT PUBLICATION,
IN WORCESTER.

INVITUM QUIS ENIM SERVARE LABORET?
HOR.

S——D, before you write another book,
And try again with Authorship t' amuse ye,
Be prudent, and to consequences look ;—
At present, we shall certainly abuse ye ;
We'll treat you very scurvily :—So vain !
To hope we thank you—one of us in ninety !
Lud ! you might just as soon expect that men
Their wives, or wits, or fortunes should resign t' ye.
What ! think to guide us by such *mean* instructions
As have our int'rest chiefly to befriend 'em !
Controul our habits by such *poor* deductions,
As bring mere sense and worth to recommend 'em !
Bid us hear reason and example coolly ;
Be wise in pleasure ;—temperately daring !
Say, " Wine is Heav'n's good gift,"—then tell us,
truly,
Of any gift of Heav'n we need be sparing !
Rail at our *strength'ning, comforting* infusions ;
Our morning drams—mild soft'ness of our cares !
Check our nectareous Ale's serene illusions,
Our pleasing stupors—in our elbow chairs !
Stint too our dearest little dears, so long
Accustom'd to their glass of Port at dinner !
'Tis absolutely shocking !—You are wrong,
Depend on't :—I could almost say—a finner.
Shall I, who daily to assist digestion
Now trust to Rhubarb, (as I freely own)
To *Water* hence of trusting make no question,
And be content with perfect health alone ?
Shall I, who for my nerves now deem it needful,
Or wet or dry, to toil upon a horse ;
No longer of such irksome practice heedful,
Rely on Temp'rance, and be well—of course ?
Shall I, by various painful suff'rings taught,
By many sad excesses now made wise,
Give up th' experience I have dearly bought,
Nor longer seek with health to compromise ;
My Analeptic, or Scots Pills discarding,
Henceforth emetics, sudorifics scout ;
Trust me to Abstinence alone for guarding ;
Empirics and their nostrums all shut out ?
Quit my Elixirs, Drops Neurotic, Peptic,
My *Royal* Peppermints :—nor doubt but glibly
Life yet may pass, tho' I disdain as Sceptic,
Decoctions form'd from *Sun-beams* by a *Sibby* ?
What will my silent peaceful guts be thinking,
(If guts e'er think) no longer henceforth urged
By Wine, Beer, Punch ;—nor more, as after *drinking*
Now—by cathartics gently sweetly purged ?
Will not my stomach wonder what's come to it,
By wind no longer as of old distended ;
My general health too, as your maxims shew it,
Yea, even my morals probably amended ?
And all this by a rule so apt and true,
A rule so simple—" Only follow Nature :"—
" Her easy dictates ever keep in view."—
You really are a very monstrous creature !
Nor do I quite disinterested call :
Who to your own just feelings art so civil
As e'en to wish, nay more, t' instruct us all
To send our pains a packing to the D——l.
Indeed, indeed, you 'd better let alone
Our fiery noses and our pimpled faces ;
Tho' such things, I confess, (and Gout and Stone)
Are ills—nor much contribute to the Graces.
Our pangs then leave us ; leave us then our anguish ;
Leave us what still we love to make *our own*
Our Jaundice, Bile, and Spasms :—thus let us languish,
Unpity'd if we *like* to live and moan :—
My friend, I know your precepts have been tried ;
I know too they have prov'd your judgment true :
Yet by old maxims I shall still abide,
In spite of precepts, judgment, facts, or you.
In this glad Isle, where Freedom makes such stir,
And all our boast is of our Liberty,
'Tis hard, 'tis very hard indeed, good Sir,
If sickness and if health may not be free.
Wise men let others seek their path to heaven,
As each his best instructions tend to save ;—
To *chuse* is sure our privilege,—if even
We *chuse* the paths of sorrow and the grave.
Your's, &c.

JOHN BULL.

— R.